Bullet

Jessi Robertson

Straight out of high school
We didn?t know what to do
Wanted to go to college
But no money was nothing new
Wanted to get away
Go, see the world and do something new
He got approached
In the mall by the army recruit
Told him if he wanna go to school we got money too
Sign up at eighteen, you?ll be out when you twenty-two
He joined the army airborne, got his uniform
Went to boot camp, got some discipline
Arrived at where they shippin' him
He?s in the mist of all bullets flying and missing him
Wishing he was a kid again with his family in Michigan
In the midst of fighting militia men
One round took down six of them
He ain't really a killer though, taking a lot of risks
This is what a poor person do for a scholarship, yeah
He turned around and got a face full of hollow tips
But don?t be sad he died for the flag
What you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it won?t be long before
You?re pulling yourself away
What you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it won?t be long before
You?re pulling yourself away
Papa was a playa, knew just what to say to
Get the women back to his layer and lay her
If sex had a trophy, he?s the heisman touch down
Getting models, R&B chicks and Buzz downs
He got the women with crazy stairs,
With his lady there, they ain't care, they like, ooh look at his baby hair
He took them all, put them in a line
Hit five new chickens, he thought they were fine
He got head from five dope fiends smoking it down
But did it all wrong dawg it ain't dog or it ain't lying

Till he woke up one season with legions
He went to the doctor asking what was the reason
Tests ran positive, he couldn?t believe 'em
He tried to blame God asked him why did He leave him
Pleading, please let the disease leave him
From women that he conquered, he caught the cost
What you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it won?t be long before
You?re pulling yourself away
What you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it won?t be long before
You?re pulling yourself away
Bullet and a target
Between a bullet and a target
Between a bullet and a target
A bullet and a target
Now when the sun goes down
On our side of town
When the other side of the block
Where cops sing around
On the same side of the street
That pac hit the ground
Not in Vegas 'cause every nigga
Got Pac in them now
When my guys hit the block
And we provin' we thugs
I ain't on, no swim team
But you see pools of blood
Skip juve when you die
Seeing who?s the judge
Oh, you married to the game
Prove your love
Prove it, here's this rap shorty, shoot it, do it, this, do it
This ain't a game, this an organized movement
My hurt, my love, my pain, my stress
My strife, my wife, my life, my test
We made for more, we die for less
When you starvin' in the ghetto I'ma write the rest
See my girl think I'm hard and my momma think I'm odd
But when I'm all up in the dark I just fall on my knees
What you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it won?t be long before

You?re pulling yourself away
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